

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1908.

KITTREDGE'S CAREER

SENATOR FROM SOUTH DAKOTA ONE
OF THE HARD-WORKING MEMBERS.

Among the most useful members of the United States Senate, Kittredge, of South Dakota, ranks high. There are others who are more showy, more conspicuous in debate, more skillful in manipulation, but, taken all in all, it is doubtful whether any Senator has greater capacity for accomplishing results without personal parade. Certainly no other is more effective in pushing and formulating legislation which will benefit his State and the country, or in preventing the enactment of laws which would be harmful to either. Kittredge is the one Senator who is always to be found in his seat when the Senate is in session. He is there when the chaplain opens the day with prayer, and he is there when the presiding officer's gavel announces adjournment. Through the morning hour when new business is in order he watches every proposition as closely as he would watch the motions of an opposing counsel in court, and on days when others are trying to rush bills through to enactment by unanimous consent, he is there ready to propound an inquiry on any measure which seems to call for further explanation. Other Senators less assiduous in their attendance are wont to depend upon him for information and advice, until this silent man, always ready, always watchful, always helpful, has come to have a standing in a single term which is rivaled by few veterans. The other leaders of the Senate, without exception, have implicit confidence in his wisdom, his common sense, his disinterestedness, and his integrity.

The late O. H. Platt, of Connecticut, one of the really great Senators of his generation, held Kittredge in high esteem. It was he who selected Kittredge as a member of the Judiciary Committee, of which he was chairman and which ranks with Finance, Appropriations, and Foreign Affairs as one of the most important committees in the Senate. As a lawyer there are few Senators in Kittredge's class for ability, and still fewer who are so sensitive to the distinction between what may properly be undertaken by a lawyer in private life and by one who holds public office. When he first came to the Senate he was a leader of the South Dakota bar and had a varied clientele. Like every other lawyer of ability and recognized standing his legal services were sought by railroad companies, but he was never on the salary roll of a railroad company or of the government. Since he has been in the Senate he has refused to accept retainers from any corporation which might, even in a remote contingency, be the subject of Federal or State legislation or inquiry. When he came to Washington he sacrificed cheerfully the opportunity to make a fortune at the bar, and like many other great men before him he deliberately chose the less remunerative estate of a public servant.

Kittredge was a farmer's boy, born in the little town of Nelson, Cheshire County, N. H. Until he was sixteen years old he worked at home on the farm, attending the district school like other country lads, about four months every year. Then he went to live in the family of the Congregational minister in Keene, the county seat, nine or ten miles away, where he studied Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and fitted himself to enter Yale College, in 1878. For two years after graduating, in 1882, he lived a part of the time in the office of Judge G. W. Veazey, then on the supreme bench of Vermont, and afterward Interstate Commerce Commissioner. In this way he prepared himself to enter the Senate in 1883, and was graduated in 1885, after which he went to Sioux Falls and began the practice of law.

From the time he entered college, until he "hung out his shingle" in Sioux Falls, he helped to pay his way every summer by working as a farm hand. There still lives in New Hampshire a faithful friend and admirer who remembers how young Kittredge could work. "This friend is now advanced in years, but he has a good memory. He recalls the days when young Kittredge used to try to set the pace for him when they were working side by side as farm laborers. When this old friend heard of Kittredge's appointment to membership on the Senate Committee on Interterritorial Canals, he shrugged his shoulders and after a moment's reflection said: "That is proper, sure enough. I remember well when me and him dug that well on the old farm, and he was a hard lad, and from the way he made the dirt fly out of that old hole, I am sure he can dig the Panama Canal, if anybody can." At least one farm habit contracted by the lad clings to the man—he likes to work in his shirt sleeves. As soon as he goes into his committee room in the morning he throws off his coat, unbuttons his vest, and wades into the work before him. Whoever calls upon him during these hours of labor in his committee room, whatever his social or political station may be, finds Kittredge in this disheveled. So, too, at his room at the Shoreham Hotel, where he spends his evenings, he is invariably found without coat, vest open, collar and tie discarded. He is a genial host and is no respecter of persons. He receives the high and the low with the same deferential courtesy, and none is so humble as to be denied respectful attention while he relates the object of his call.

Kittredge's father, now in his seventy-third year, has been a stalwart Republican all his life, and has been repeatedly elected a member of the New Hampshire legislature. Perhaps the son inherited the father's inclination to dabble in politics, for he had not been in South Dakota long until his penchant in that direction became manifest. He was elected to the first State legislature in 1883, and was re-elected to the second. He was South Dakota's member of the Republican National Committee from 1892 to 1900. He became closely associated with Mark Hanna and William McKinley in the campaign of 1896, and was thereafter on terms of closest friendship with both of these men so long as they lived. When Mark Hanna lay ill at the Arlington Hotel in 1904, Kittredge spent much time with him, and during the last few days of Hanna's life Kittredge scarcely left him, denying himself both sleep and rest until his great friend had passed away and the service of love and friendship was no longer needed.

It was almost by chance that Kittredge came to the Senate. After the campaign of 1900 he decided to retire from politics and announced his intention to devote himself solely to his profession of the law, but the death of Senator Kyle changed all that. When Kyle died Gov. Harrell, responding both to his own inclinations and to the demands of Republicans from all parts of the State, tendered Mr. Kittredge the appointment to fill the vacancy. Kittredge did not decide quickly

to accept the appointment, but finally yielded to the demands of his party and took his seat in the Senate December 2, 1901. In 1903 he was elected to succeed himself, receiving every Republican vote in the legislature and a majority of about one hundred over his Democratic opponent. Senator Kittredge probably knows more men in South Dakota than any other resident of the State, yet there are few even of his friends in South Dakota who know the kind of man he really is, for he is not given to exploiting his good deeds. Mindful of his own early struggles, he is always on the lookout for ambitious boys, and is ever ready to help the deserving. A few years ago one of his intimate friends died, leaving a ward without means of continuing his education. The Senator enlisted the co-operation of a mutual friend and together they furnished the young man with the funds necessary to carry him through to graduation from the Boston Institute of Technology.

As a Senator he has very little patronage at his disposal, and such as he has he has not turned to his own political advantage. Ever since he came to Washington he has had with him as helpers at least two young men who were thus given a chance to study and fit themselves for some profession. Two lawyers and one doctor already have graduated from George Washington University through opportunities afforded them by employment in his committee room, and he has now with him two more boys who are studying law by night. Politics has had nothing to do with their selection. They were chosen because they were ambitious to fit themselves for their professions and could find opportunities in Washington which they did not have at their homes in South Dakota.

The pages in the Senate all look upon Senator Kittredge as their best friend. He knows the name of every one of them, and has a kind word for them all. Occasionally he turns his committee room over to them for their sports, and every little while he gets a group of them together and gives them a fatherly talk. He never forgets the face or the name of a boy who has once been a page.

There are eight South Dakota boys in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Most of them are farmers' sons. One of them is the commander of the naval brigade, picked out from 800 other midshipmen as the most proficient in his class. Senator Kittredge goes over to Annapolis once every winter and gives these boys a dinner at Carvel Hall, the village inn. He has done this ever since he has been a Senator, and the boys have learned to look forward to his coming as their chief relief from the monotony of Academy life. For weeks before his arrival they are on their good behavior, so that Academy discipline will not interfere with their leave on the eventful day, and for some afternoon, first classmen and plebes mingle on a footing with the Senator while they talk over South Dakota, relate their experiences, and think of home.

One who watches Senator Kittredge in his public career, he private life cannot help but be impressed with his greatness of intellect, his kindness of heart, his force of character, his profound sense of duty, his great industry, and his absolute sincerity of purpose. His word needs no bond. He is absolutely free from cupidity, and his abhorrence of graft in any form, big or petty, is manifest in his every act. His temperament is pliant in appearance only; he is highly sensitive, appreciative, considerate, and possesses the finest sensibilities. Petty meanness and tricks of deception are foreign to his nature. He has none of the arts of the small politician or petty demagogue, and incapable of the betrayal of a trust, deceiving those who place their confidence in him, or willfully inflicting undeserved punishment on those who deservingly use him. These are traits of a great character which tell in the life of a public man, and they account for the wonderful influence which Senator Kittredge already wields in Congress, and make it safe to predict that at the close of another term of service in the Senate he will have few peers in that body.

All Roads Lead to Chicago.
From the Chicago Tribune.
Chicago, the greatest convention city in the world, rarely suffers from increased hotel rates over normal times. And here there is ample room for all. We take it that after the Denver convention, coupled with the remembrance of what happened in the Missouri cities, next time there will be found few dissenting voices as to where the Democratic conventions shall be held. The Republicans already have found out. Vain work the delegates will do at Denver, anyway. Therefore, how cruel it would be to charge the beguiled politicians who go there trebled prices.



HON. A. B. KITTREDGE,
United States Senator from South Dakota.

OFFICERS OF NATIONAL PRESS CLUB OF WASHINGTON.



With the filing of incorporation papers Thursday, the National Press Club of Washington begins what appears to be a most auspicious career. Washington has a larger number of correspondents than any other city in America, and probably in the world. The men are of the highest type of newspaper representatives. The metropolitan papers and the press bureaus have excellent staffs in the press galleries. These men, with editorial and reportorial forces of the local papers, are almost a unit in their interest in the newly-organized press club. The club already is one of the most cosmopolitan in the country. On its board of governors are representatives of the various local papers, the United Press Associations, and New York, Boston, Detroit, Indianapolis, and San Francisco dailies.

STORIES OF ALASKA EMBODIED IN DRAMA

One of the most interesting combinations ever effected in the history of American literature is the recent collaboration of Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach in a writing of a comedy dealing with life in New Mexico, and bearing the rather bizarre title of "Going Some." The new play is to be seen at the Belasco Theater this week. The combination is interesting because it represents the coming together of the most strenuous American playwright and the most strenuous American novelist. It is doubtful if there are any two other literary men in this country who have crowded so much of the strenuous life into their careers as have Armstrong and Beach.

Mr. Armstrong has one of the most pronounced personalities of any man now engaged in literary work in this country. It is a personality which is so dominating and so strenuous that it impresses itself instantly upon any person coming into contact with him for the first time. "Paul Armstrong, Positive Person and Pronounced Playwright," is the way a close personal friend addressed a letter to him recently, and the descriptive alliteration applies. His friends love him the more because of the enemies he has made. He fights in the open, saying what he thinks, regardless of who may be hurt by the saying; and, like Gunga Din, "he doesn't seem to know the use of fear."

His life has been very largely lived out in the open, and he is a city dweller by choice. Born in Michigan, he sailed the Great Lakes after he left school, and stories are still current in Duluth and Buffalo of his personal bravery and of the manner in which he very often used to turn the tables on sailors who took him for a green land lubber. He finally became an officer, and then drifted into newspaper work in Buffalo. From that time upon the stage with wonderful fidelity to life. He has always emphasized the humorous side of the cowboy's existence rather than the heroic side. His cowmen are not "pretty men," wearing picturesque costumes, but quaint types who smell of the soil and who have the peculiarities and crochets streaks that most humans have.

As might be expected, he is inherently and radically opposed to the "problem play," the "thesis drama," and "symbolism." "When I write a play," said he recently in an address, "I start out with the determination of telling a real story concerning real people. I have no desire now, and I never expect to have a desire, to solve a great problem or to dramatize. I am content to tell a story, and to tell it with as little circumlocution and in as few words as possible. I never wrote a 'fancy speech' or an epigram and stuck it into a play just because it was a 'fancy speech' or an epigram; and if ever I do that I want to stop writing plays then and there."

Rex Beach, Mr. Armstrong's collaborator and the strenuous author of those two strenuous novels dealing with the wild, open life of Alaska, "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier," is probably the only litterateur of consequence in this country who has attained national fame as an amateur athlete. As a matter of fact, Mr. Beach is infinitely more proud of his achievements in the world of athletics and of his acknowledged prowess as a hunter of big game than he is of his literary work.

Mr. Beach graduated from a Southern college before he was nineteen years old. At that time he had won the all-round athletic championship of the institution and was accounted one of the most promising young athletes south of the Mason Dixon line. He went to Chicago to enter the Chicago College of Law, but some one or other struck gold up in Alaska, and the news of it sent him flying for Seattle, where he took ship for the far North, whose unofficial historian he was later destined to be.

After five years of adventurous life in the Klondike, during which period he suffered privations which would have wrecked the bodies and broken the spirits of men less physically strong, he returned to Chicago in perfect health. He sought membership in the Chicago Athletic Association, but at that time there was nothing but athletic memberships open.

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PAUL ARMSTRONG.

interspersed with side trips to the great West, where for months at a time he would enjoy the free and open life of the great ranges, taking pot luck with various outfits of cow punchers. His experience on these vacations gave him an insight into the real inner lives of the cowboys, which enabled him later to put them upon the stage with wonderful fidelity to life. He has always emphasized the humorous side of the cowboy's existence rather than the heroic side. His cowmen are not "pretty men," wearing picturesque costumes, but quaint types who smell of the soil and who have the peculiarities and crochets streaks that most humans have.

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"I conceived the wild notion," said he recently, in referring to the way in which he broke in to the association, "that I could play football. Up to that time I

had never played the game, but I am generally a pretty good bluffer when a bluff is required. I went around and had a talk with the manager of the team. I told him that I was a half-way decent player, and that I wanted a chance to try for the team. I weighed a little over 200 then, and I didn't have a spare pound on my body. He looked me over and said he'd give me a chance.

I went out and bought a book of rules and crammed as I had never crammed before. Also I had long sessions with some university friends of mine who had played football themselves, and in a few days I could tell the difference between a touchdown and a drop kick, and I had my nerve with me. I was determined to make that team, and I made it, playing right guard all season. When it was all over I tossed up like a man to the manager, and he admitted that he had his suspicions more than once during the early stages.

Within another year Mr. Beach won the all-around championship of the association, and competed in a number of meets, being especially adept at weight and hammer throwing and at long-distance running. He was also an expert swimmer, and lowered the 200-yard amateur swimming record. His time stood for two years. He represented the Chicago Athletic Association at the Olympic games held in St. Louis during the World's Fair and won the mile handicap swimming race. That time he is also a tennis player of national reputation, has won laurels as a big game hunter, and has contributed much to the literature of amateur sport.

Mr. Beach is an author purely by accident. Upon his return from Alaska he entered the brick manufacturing business, and it was while engaged in this utterly prosaic branch of industry that he met a friend whom he had known in Alaska.

"I got a notion in my head three weeks ago," said his friend, "that I could write short stories. I wrote a couple, and they have been published. What do you think of that?"

"As they were not very brilliant efforts," said Beach, "I figured out that if that fellow could get stories of Alaska like that printed any place I could write some stories that might get into the western magazines. I went up to my room and started a short story, which I finished the next night. It was the first attempt that I had ever made to write anything outside of letters. I sent it to McClure's Magazine and it was accepted. The letter accepting it took me off my feet. I wrote 'The Spoilers,' basing it upon incidents which came under my personal observation in Alaska. This I wrote in the manner in which I had written my first stories."

Mr. Beach is a large man physically, being six feet tall and weighing 225 pounds. He has shoulders which resemble the side of a rocky cliff and a pair of arms whose muscular development is remarkable. He is as modest and unassuming as a schoolboy, and is as free from affectation and as full of the joy of living as an undergrad at a football game.

TO EXCHANGE CHILDREN.

English Father Wants to Trade His Son for German Boy.
It is the bright idea of one English father to exchange children with a German family for educational purposes.

An advertisement appears in a German paper offering the loan of a boy eight years old, whose name is given as Reginald Hardy. His parents say he recited a "parting greeting" to the German Emperor when that imperious person was about to tear himself away from fearful London.

The parents are described as "very respectable." They offer to send the boy to a German household in exchange for a German child. The children would be maintained and educated for a certain period, then returned, each to his native land, with his foreign acquirements.

Here is gist for the mothers' clubs:

Explained.
From Harper's Weekly.
"Mamma," asked a little girl, "why do bouillon cups have two handles?"
"Well, you are stupid!" cried her young brother. "Don't you know it's because some people are left-handed?"

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES OF HER SEX.

He held his post when all the men
Who should have helped him ran.
He held his post and risked his life—
Ah, that was like a man!

His wife a letter gave to mail,
Addressed to sister Anne.
He kept it in his coat for weeks—
Ah, that was like a man!

Praise high, blame low, there's naught he does
Or does not that one can
Reckon—and strange it seems—that's not
Exactly like a man.

Women's Styles Change Houses.

"We're going to move on the 1st of May," said a young newspaper man to me, "and I expect to pay for the van and the broken glasses and the knocked-off chair legs and the other expenses of moving with the proceeds of an article I'm going to write on 'The Influence of Feminine Dress on Architecture.' Good subject. Look at all the big, roomy houses of the '90's. Why, were the doors wide and the rooms large? Hoop skirts. Hoop skirts had to have room to swing themselves in. Why were the stairs put in a narrow front hall? Prunella gaiters and white hostery. In colonial times women dressed their feet coquettishly. Houses had to be built to give a woman a chance to show her buckled shoe coming down stairs. But the gaiters of the '90's were ugly enough to make a hermit wince, and stairs were made so that nobody had much chance to see the feet that went up and down. The abolition of the hoop skirt made apartment houses possible, and now this new fashion of cart-wheel hats is going to drive people out of flats into houses again. We have a mighty nice flat, but there isn't a closet in it deep enough to hold my wife's hat boxes. She's had them covered with figured stuff and set around here and there all winter, but her new hat is too tall to shove under the bed when we want room enough to turn around in. If the fashion for big hats keeps up, half the apartment houses in town will be vacant by another spring. We're moving on account of my wife's new hat. Great subject for an article, isn't it? I can pay all the damage of moving with what I'll get for it. The new landlord knocks off a month's rent, and that will just about pay for the hat."

Animals in Heaven.

My small friend Jim has been suffering lately from a serious doubt in the matter of religion. He wriggled in his chair for fully ten minutes the last time he came to see me before he could bring himself to discuss the subject.

"Do you believe everybody's happy in heaven?" he asked me.

"Of course," I answered. "Everybody's happy there."

He fixed me with a cynical eye.

"What about the terrapin?" he demanded. "They ain't happy."

"Are there terrapin in heaven?" I asked, not wanting to commit myself. (In my Sunday-school days we were taught that the beloved kittens and the dear dogs without hope of whose companionship it wasn't at all easy to imagine heaven at all a desirable place, never, never went there at all, and it was wicked of you to say you didn't want to go there unless they did. But religion isn't made quite so crushing and discouraging to children as it used to be, and I fancied Jim might have been given reason to hope for celestial terrapin.)

"Don't you know there are?" he asked. "They said so in church when I went. They can't be happy, because they cry. I heard 'em say so right out in church. Cherrypin and terrapin continually do cry."

Haunted by Sins of Old.

I suppose all children go to Sunday school these days, but in my early youth I knew a very old lady who regarded Sabbath school as something very nearly a menace to religious training. Oddly enough, it was she who, with a girl friend, founded the first Sunday school in New England, or in Maine at least. If I remember right, the town was Kennebunk, and the Sunday school was established for the benefit of the children in the mills. The deacons of the church opposed the project bitterly. It was a reflection on the religious conscience of the community, this intimation that even mill children weren't properly taught the Bible and the catechism at home. They wouldn't allow the meetings of the school to be held in the church. When the dear old

lady was very old, indeed, the Sunday-school children of the country contributed a penny each to a fund for her benefit, but to the day of her death she had only scorn for parents who shirked their manifest duty and permitted their children to receive religious instruction at a Sabbath school instead of at home. I fancy that toward the end she was even a little sorry that she had unwittingly furnished to careless parents a loophole of escape from their duty, and I recall with none too much pleasure that when she found I had been allowed to glide through the shorter Westminster catechism she asked me to her house every Sunday afternoon for months, till my unhappy soul was thoroughly saturated with all the ponderous discouragement of the genuine longer catechism. I have never visited an art gallery since without an uneasy recollection that according to that longer catechism I was violating the seventh commandment.

Good Cause for Doubt.

Mrs. Blank indicated Mrs. Dash to me the other day in a tear room.

"I'd give a pretty penny to know whether that woman's clever or idiotic," she said. "I was asked to her house to a tea before Lent, and—well, I didn't go. I had excellent reasons for snubbing her, and I wanted to snub her hard. A few days afterward I met her at another woman's house, and she came up to me with that baby smile of hers that is either the first stage of paresis or the last stage of diplomacy."

"Oh," said I, "I was so-o sorry to have had just that minute's glimpse of you at my house the other day. I wanted to have a real chat, but—"

"I didn't come. I wasn't there at all," I blurted out.

"She didn't stop smiling. She didn't even look as if she were smiling by main force. She just murmured something indefinite about mistaking a woman I loathed for me, and turned away. Now, did she really think I was there or didn't she? Am I a person so unimportant that she'd have no clear recollection of seeing me, or am I not? Does she know I snubbed her, or doesn't she? I'm awfully afraid she has the best of it, and I wish to goodness I knew. I'm lying awake nights just trying to figure out which of us was snubbed."

Stingy or Stupid?

There's a certain artist man in this town who, perhaps, wonders why he has been politely turned down by a girl he quite obviously admired last winter.

"I liked him ever so much," she confided to an intimate friend who told me, "and I don't know his name nor the girl's. 'And then I liked him still more, but I began to hear that he was stingy—plenty of money, but glued to it. I made up my mind I'd find out whether the stories were true. One day a lot of us were invited to a tea at his studio. Next day I called him up by telephone and told him I'd lost a \$10 bill."

"I had it in my handbag," I said, and I found the bag open when I got home. I remember it dropped down back of the divan in your studio, and perhaps the bill fell out then. Won't you please look around and see if you can find it?"

"He said he'd look everywhere, and after a little he called me up to say that he couldn't find the bill anywhere. I gave him such a splendid chance to make believe he'd found it and to send me a \$10 bill of his own and never let me know. He knows perfectly well that \$10 is a big slice out of my allowance. Why didn't he seize his opportunity? Is he really stingy or is he just stupidly matter-of-fact? Didn't the idea of substituting a bill of his own for the one I said I'd lost ever occur to him? It was just a test I put him to, and see how he failed. It's as bad to be stupid as it is to be stingy, and I haven't been at home when he's called since."

Distillery Would Come to the Major.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

"Could you direct me to a moonshine distillery?" said the major in the mountain region.

"Don't you know Georgia's gone dry?"

"I do. That's why I want a distillery." "Kin I trust you?"

"Sure."

"Well, then, do down yander to the old graveyard, an' wait in the dark of the moon by the dead cypress an' the ol' slate tombstone what you can't read the name on, till you hear somethin' like a scritchowl holler, an' I'll come to you."

ON account of the death of Mr. Solomon Kann, father of the members of the firm of S. Kann, Sons & Co., this store will not open until Tuesday morning.

S. KANN SONS & CO.
"THE BUSY CORNER"